

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,
Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

COLUMBUS DAY



Columbia my land! all hail the glad day,
When first to thy strand, Hope pointed the way,
Hail him who thro' darkness first followed the flame,
That led where the Mayflower of Liberty came.

Dear Country, the star of the valiant and free!
They exiles afar are dreaming of thee.
No fields of the earth so enchantingly shine,
No air breathes such incense, such music as thine.

Humanity's home, thy sheltering breast,
Find welcome and room to strangers oppressed.
Pale children of hunger and hatred and wrong,
Find life in thy freedom, and joy in thy song.

Thy fairest estate, thy loving may hold,
Thy poor may grow great, thy feeble grow bold,
For worth is the watchword to noble degree.
And manhood is mighty where manhood is free.

O Union of State, and union of souls,
Thy promise awaits, thy future unfolds,
And earth from her twilight is hailing the sun,
That rises where people and rulers are one.

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